

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

## HIS FEMALE RELATION.

By the Author of "Redmond, of the Seventh."

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VII.

### The New Principal.

Exhausted by a run at hare-and-hounds, eight or ten of Doctor Dunbar's pupils flung themselves down to rest, the hares breathlessly explaining why they had not been caught, the hounds why they had missed catching. A group of older cadets heard the explanations, and impartially chaffed both sides.

Raymond Noble and the Waite boys came up the path, evidently excited. Charley Waite shouted, when some rods distant, "There's been high jinks at the 'Sem'!"

Hares and hounds forgot their discussion, and sprang up to hear further intelligence.

"The Montrose girl is to be expelled. She's been up to all sorts of mischief, and yesterday—sav, what fellow got an invitation from her to a spread at my sister's room last night?"

There were questioning glances, followed by a general shaking of heads. Harry Armstrong alone looked steadily down the path.

"You know she declares she never sent me," said Raymond Noble, gravely.

"And was frantic when they insisted that she had," rejoined Charley. "But she owns up to writing it, and she owns up to other notes, too. She won't tell me what I'll bet my last week's allowance his initials are—Derrick Andrews."

All eyes were turned upon Andrews, who was lounging in a hammock near by. He met the meaning glances with calm indifference. Whatever else Derrick Andrews lacked, and that included almost every quality of true manhood, he had a careless self-possession that often made youths who were greatly his superiors appear at a disadvantage beside him.

The sly jesting that rendered Harry Armstrong silent or furious never in the least disturbed Derrick. In fact, he rather enjoyed it.

"It's an easy way to get rid of your sins, my brethren," he observed, joining the group, "this dumping them on another fellow's shoulders, but as I don't propose to get my walking-ticket just yet, I'll read you the only note I ever received from the young lady, and inform you at the same time that I never got another, and never answered that. As to bowing to her, she was usually looking past me at another chap. He didn't take any notice, so I really felt obliged to. Here is the sum total of our correspondence."

He glanced slyly across at Harry Armstrong. An expression of angry contempt covered Harry's averted face. Derrick raised his voice slightly, and began to read with an air of lazy enjoyment, but at the end of the first sentence the paper was torn from his hands.

"Derrick Andrews, you *knew* that was meant for me!"

"How do you make that out?" said Andrews, insolently. "Those are my initials. She gave it to me herself."

"She is my cousin," blazed Harry, "and we had quarrelled terribly! This was to make up. If she did give it to you, it was meant for me!"

"So it was, Armstrong?" cried one of the interested listeners. "I know when he got it—it was down at the library. I remember now hearing her say, 'Give it to —,' but I didn't catch the name. And you didn't read it, Derrick, till after they were gone."

"You miserable, contemptible scoundrel!" shouted Harry.

"Oh, anything you like," said Derrick, coolly, resuming his original position; "but it strikes me, if you've let all this fuss go on, when half a dozen words from you would have stopped most of it, there's a contemptible scoundrel somewhere else besides in my boots."

The thrust was a keen one. Harry turned hot and cold with anger and mortification. Then all the manhood in him roused to Leila's defence.

"At any rate, she is my cousin," he said, facing the group defiantly, "the only one I have the

only girl, I mean. As I said, we quarrelled terribly, and agreed to drop the relationship. Her notes—when she's written any, and they've been precious few—were to me. She has no parents; she fairly lived out of doors, and sending her to school was like caging a wild bird. She may have broken some rules, and been too much of a tomboy, but that's the worst. Flirting isn't in Leila's line."

"Somehow I never believed that it was," said Raymond Noble, earnestly, "even when Grace and Clara were so down on her. She didn't seem like it. Even when she noticed you, Andrews, she looked like a child that sees a kind face."

"Did any little goose of a girl ever manage to get herself into such a scrape before?"

Major Bassett, Doctor Dunbar's military assistant, to whom Harry went with his embarrassed statement, listened with surprise which quickly grew grave. After a keen cross-questioning, he said, abruptly, "Armstrong, I am disappointed in you."

Harry had not a word to say.

"If I had been asked," the major continued, "to name the one of our number who is most absolutely straightforward and fullest of genuine respect and chivalrous feeling for all womanhood, I should have named you without hesitation."

when the waitress brought her a card. Miss Henderson read it and threw up her hands.

"Miss Helen Fasson!" she cried. "Was ever anything so providential?"

The President of the Board of Trustees, who had accompanied the new principal to the Seminary, remained only long enough to introduce the ladies, and hastened away to catch a train. The new-comer gave such an impression of quiet restfulness and strength that, long before she intended, Miss Henderson had poured into her ears the whole cause of her anxiety.

Miss Fasson listened with an attentive face, making no comment, but asking an occasional question about Leila herself. Miss Travis, entering during the recital, supplemented her superior's account. Only when they touched upon madame's action in allowing Moses to carry Leila's last supposed message did the new principal seem at all aroused.

"I do not approve of that at all," she said. "The note should not have been permitted to leave the Seminary."

"I thought so at first," Miss Henderson admitted, "but Mme. D'Armini's reasons seemed to be good." Then followed a statement of madame's argument.

Miss Fasson shook her head. "I can see no possible good to result from it," she said. "Nothing but additional exposure and scandal."

"The ends of justice and the well-being of others," said Miss Travis, sternly, "require that offenders should meet the full consequences of their acts."

"The ends of justice," Miss Fasson answered, mildly, "are never served by acquiescing the offender needless suffering. Justice is necessary, but absolute justice does not prohibit any possible mercy. Would the remembrance of that public exposure be a help to the girl herself, supposing her repentant?"

Miss Henderson looked more unhappy than ever, Miss Travis more severe.

"This is peculiar paper," Miss Fasson said, examining the copy of the supposed message. "It is very soft and tough, and the stamp is an odd one—a curved dagger cleaving a crown."

"It is the kind Mme. D'Armini always uses," Miss Travis said, loftily. "I have never seen any other like it."

Miss Fasson continued her examination. "Hardly fifteen, you say, an orphan, and her first experience away from home."

She leaned back thoughtfully in her chair, and presently asked, "I should like to see her room-mates—in their room, please."

In number ten Cleo, as usual, lounged on the middle bed. Rachel, with a history upside down in her hand, opened the door. Leila was a prisoner in madame's room, and madame herself had been reinstated in her old quarters. She was absent, spending the day in Keyport.

Cleo rose lazily to greet the visitors, but almost immediately resumed her position against the pillows. Rachel nervously did the honors of the room, and, in answer to a question from Miss Henderson, burst into a voluble and tearful account of the trouble, in which her main endeavor was to prove that she had no share in Leila's misdeeds.

During her recital, Miss Fasson looked steadily at Cleo, who, as usual, permitted Rachel to be the mouthpiece for both. Cleo returned the look indolently at first. She had been accustomed to treat even Miss Henderson with this lazy impertinence.

Miss Fasson's eyes were large and clear and penetrating. After meeting them a few moments, Miss Smith sat up. Presently she rose and occupied a chair.

"You are well?" Miss Fasson inquired, with the slightest possible quiver at the corners of her handsome mouth.

"Perfectly," Cleo rejoined, with a corresponding quiver at hers.

Rachel's explanation came to an end. After the pause, which she always seemed to make between listening and response, Miss Fasson spoke. Her voice, melodious but firm, suggested the same mental qualities that her kind but penetrating eyes expressed. Indeed, everything about her seemed to harmonize.

"Your room-mate was quite young, and unused



"DON'T LOOK AT ME—DON'T LOOK AT ME!"

Harry's heart warmed to the big, good-natured fellow as it never had before. "Come with me, Noble," he said, drawing the other aside. "I want to hear what they're saying at the Seminary."

Listening to Raymond, Harry could easily perceive the network of damaging circumstances woven around his cousin. Evidently the most injurious suspicions were those concerning her supposed communications with some member of the Academy, especially the last, and her escape in Fred's clothes the night he accidentally met her.

"Of course, that was altogether out of the way," he confided to Raymond, "but she had no thought of meeting anybody, and was frightened half to death when she ran against the boys. As to this last affair, she says she did not send the invitation, and I don't believe she did. Quer business, altogether!"

"It's a thousand pities you didn't look after her more at first," Raymond said, seriously, and in his heart Harry agreed with him.

Harry walked rapidly toward the Academy, revolving in his mind the whole affair, from Leila's thoughtless notice of Derrick Andrews on the stairs to this last mysterious communication, and his meditations ended in a protracted whistle.

Still Harry stood dumb and embarrassed.

"Well, regrets are of small value. Perhaps I had better go with you to the Seminary. Miss Henderson," he said, smiling, "may need a voucher for you."

Harry gratefully accepted the offer.

Miss Henderson sat in her room, after a wakeful night, worried and troubled. Leila's passion of fright and shame, her sobbing confession to certain of the offences charged against her, and her frantic denial of the others, were pitiful things to remember; but even more pitiful was her evident resolution that no one else should be implicated, and her pleading request that inquiries should not be made at the other school.

"No one has answered what I wrote; no one is to blame but me!" she exclaimed.

Her entreaties were so agonizing that Miss Henderson gave way at last, and promised to make no inquiries at the Academy.

Miss Travis did not hesitate to say that she deemed this mistaken leniency. Mme. D'Armini sorrowfully confessed herself of the same opinion, but Miss Henderson stood firm, though she promised that the sentence of public expulsion should be carried into effect as soon as she could communicate with Leila's friends.

She was beginning to write the dreaded letter



to school life. With your previous experience, and by your example, you could have helped her very much."

Rachel was struck dumb. Cleo answered, promptly, "We never did anything of the kind."

"Mme. D'Armini," Miss Henderson interrupted, "took great pains to counsel and advise Miss Montrose, and treated her with much patience and tenderness."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Henderson," said Cleo, in exactly the same tone that she had used before, "but I don't believe she ever did anything of the kind."

"Miss Smith!" exclaimed the astonished teacher.

"The most that madame ever did, that I could see, was to tell stories of how the girls in French boarding-schools misbehaved, until she got Leila worked up to the point of thinking it was smart to go and do the same things."

"*Miss Smith!*" Miss Henderson cried again.

"I know madame pretended to overlook Leila's capers, but I noticed she kept a careful account of every one. I believe she hated the child from the very bottom of her heart, and meant that she should be sent away in disgrace."

"Miss Smith!"

Miss Henderson gasped the name, and fell back in her chair quite speechless.

"You are making a serious charge, Miss Smith," the new principal said, gravely. "What foundation have you for it? What reason could there be for such a feeling?"

Cleo's unusual eloquence seemed to desert her. She seemed abashed by the quiet tones.

"Miss Montrose took madame's place in this room," she said, hesitatingly, "and madame was unwilling to go. And—and," Cleo brightened with a sudden recollection, "Leila always declared that madame was a woman she saw claiming money, or something, that wasn't her own."

They were interrupted by the announcement that Major Bassett and Cadet Armstrong wished to see Miss Henderson.

When the door closed behind Miss Fasson, Cleo rose with a yawn and the remark, "Rachel Crave, you and I have got to turn over a new leaf."

"I've turned over a good many," snapped Rachel, rocking violently. "You never take the trouble."

"Quite true," said Cleo, slowly wielding the hair-brush, "but, strange to say, I feel very much like taking the trouble. She isn't one bit like Miss Henderson, or Miss Travis, or Mme. D'Armini. And yet," propping her chin on her palms, and gazing reflectively into the mirror, "I fear she won't approve of surreptitious pickles, and that she regards French novels in the same 'bony' light. Wherefore—"

"Well?" said Rachel, impatiently.

"Wherefore," said Cleo, resuming her brush, "we must turn over a new leaf."

Let me say here that they did.

On their way to the parlor, Miss Fasson asked Miss Henderson how long Mme. D'Armini had been connected with the school. Miss Henderson reluctantly admitted that she had secured madame's services rather hastily, through an agency, and had not written to the nearest family whom she gave as reference.

"They were the Vennors of Keyport," said Miss Henderson, "and they were in Europe at the time. Madame has proved herself a valuable assistant in every way. Pray do not allow yourself to be prejudiced by Miss Smith's astonishing declarations. She is one of our most discouraging pupils."

"I know the Vennors of Keyport," Miss Fasson said. "They have recently returned."

Major Bassett and Harry bowed to the new principal and Harry explained his relationship to Leila and his connection with the present trouble. As he did so, how absurd and childish the quarrel with his cousin seemed! He cannot say that he had forgiven Leila. The fact that she was the cause of his appearing in this unfavorable light to himself and others added to his resentment, but he had the manliness to shield and excuse her as far as possible.

"It is certainly a very peculiar story," said Miss Henderson. She was almost fretful; her easy good-nature had been much disturbed.

"A true one, evidently," Miss Fasson said. Then she asked if the notes written by Leila were still in her cousin's possession.

Harry produced them. "This is the one she gave Andrews for me. I did not know of it until to-day. This,"—he hesitated over the second—"I didn't take any notice of. If I had noticed it," he said, looking frankly into the clear eyes before him, "I should have come directly to the Seminary and asked for my cousin."

Miss Fasson smiled—a smile so rare and sweet that Harry felt that he could join the girls in "going crazy over her."

"This one," he said, showing the last, "from the start, I didn't believe she wrote. I thought one of the boys had written it for a joke. She would know me better than to do it in earnest, and we were both too angry for fun. Besides, the paper is so peculiar—not like the others at all."

Miss Fasson read the first scrawl, and saying, in a tone of tenderest pity, "Poor child!" gave it

to Miss Henderson. The second she barely glanced at, but examined the third closely, comparing it with madame's copy.

"The same paper," she said, turning suddenly to Miss Henderson, "exactly the same; the curved dagger and crown."

"She must in some way have got possession of a sheet of madame's," said Miss Henderson, also examining it.

"Perhaps. Would you like to see your cousin?" Miss Fasson asked Harry.

Harry shrunk from a meeting with Leila. He looked imploringly at Major Bassett, who understood, and, consulting his watch, remarked that it was getting late, and that Armstrong would call again.

While Miss Henderson and Miss Fasson were still in the parlor, Miss Travis entered, accompanied by Mme. D'Armini, who had just returned. Miss Fasson's face expressed sudden, though partial, recognition. Madame turned slightly pale.

"I have met you before, I think," said Miss Fasson, looking intently at the strange eyes.

"I beg pardon," said Mme. D'Armini. "I fear I have not that pleasure."

"You were with my friends the Vennors, of Keyport, Miss Henderson tells me. I think it was at Keyport that I met you. I rarely forget faces."

Madame, now decidedly pale, begged pardon again. She said it was possible; she could not remember.

"Mme. D'Armini," Miss Travis interrupted, "has been an eye-witness of much of Leila Montrose's misconduct, and has made every effort to reclaim her. Miss Fasson had better hear the account from her."

This Miss Fasson did, making no comment,



BEN WAS REACHING OUT HIS PICK-POLE.

except to say once as if she were almost amused, "You watched the young lady very closely."

Madame, a trifle disconcerted, answered that there had been need. The quietness with which Miss Fasson received their disclosures vexed Miss Travis. She said, with severity:

"The fact of young Armstrong's relationship of course makes her correspondence with him less blameworthy, except as to the manner of it. But it does not lessen the guilt of her behavior in other ways. The feeling against her in the school is very strong. I fear any mistaken leniency will result in the departure of some of our best pupils."

"Can you explain this coincidence, Mme. D'Armini?" asked Miss Fasson, abruptly placing the note and copy before her, and pointing to the peculiar stamp.

Even Miss Travis noticed the ghostliness of the Frenchwoman's face. She murmured, "The demiselles sometimes borrow the paper—probably Miss Montrose—"

"I will see Miss Montrose now, alone," said Miss Fasson, rising and refolding the slips.

Food had been brought to Leila three times that day. She turned from it with loathing. Would she ever be hungry again, or sleepy, or able to do anything but stare with burning eyes at walls and ceiling, or bury her face in the pillows and wish that she could hide it out of sight forever? Would she ever forget their cruel words, their scornful faces?

She knew now with wretched certainty in what light teachers and school-mates regarded her. She was, in their eyes, not alone disobedient and disorderly, but bold, forward, unwomanly.

Miss Travis had said to her, "You have disgraced yourself and every one belonging to you; the whole school must share in the reproach." The words had burned into her heart. Surely, if they knew the truth, they would not think her quite so unworthy, but she could never tell them—she never would tell them. Had not Harry said, "If you get yourself into such a disgraceful scrape again, don't dare ask me to help you out?"

If she had done nothing wrong—if what they urged against her were all as false as this last charge—perhaps she might appeal to him; but the

disobedience, disorder, neglected lessons, were all true; and because of them and that wretched meeting, how quickly he would believe the rest!

The key turned in the lock. Some one entered quietly. Not madame, not Miss Travis's stern face nor Miss Henderson's shocked and anxious one; yet surely she knew this gracious presence and these clear, beautiful eyes? With her very heart in her own eyes, Leila gazed, and then sprang up with a thrilling cry.

"The lady in the museum—the beautiful lady in the museum! Oh, I have dreamed of you—dreamed of you!"

Then the bitter recollection of wrong-doing, of the shameful accusation, rolled back like a tide. She was down on the floor, hiding her face in trembling wretchedness.

"Don't look at me—don't look at me! Let me go away somewhere, out of your sight!"

MRS. FRANK LEE.

(To be continued.)

## THE HEART THAT IS TRUE.

O, Men! the heart that is true  
Has something more costly than gear;  
It's not 't' it has nothing to race,  
It's more it has nothing to fear.

—Scottish Song

For the Companion.

## THE RAFT RIVALS.

The last log of Theriault's "drive," not counting a few sticks thrown "lung up" on far-off Sunsetook Shoals, had been captured in the amber eddies of the Lower Basin, and had been safely pinned into the great raft which was just about to start on its leisurely voyage down the river to the shrieking saws of Frederickton.

"This 'ere's as purty a site for pinning up a raft as ever I set eyes on!" remarked Ben Smithers, thrusting his hand into his gray-blue homespun breeches for his bag of "black-jack."

Ben was sitting on a rock near the water's edge. No one made answer to his

remark, which was perhaps regarded as too obvious to call for comment. Presently a large black dog, as if unwilling that any grain of wisdom should drop from his master's lips unheeded, thrust his head into Ben's lap, and uttered a short bark.

For perhaps half an hour Ben Smithers and his fellows sat on the shore or lounged about the raft, smoking and whittling, and not one complained of the delay. The rafts which Theriault had already dispatched down the river, each requiring two or three hands to navigate it through the rapids, had thinned the numbers of the drive down to not more than ten men, all of whom were bound for Frederickton on this very raft.

Presently one of the hands took the pipe from his mouth, tapped it gently on a log to remove the ashes, and remarked, "How they be!"

A wagon was descending the precipitous road which led from the museum village to the beach. An apprehensive looking horse between the shafts hung back wildly upon the breeching, and a red-shirted lumberman clung doggedly to one of the wheels. At the anxious horse's head trudged a boy, and behind or beside the wagon, as pleased her fancy, there danced a five-year-old child, her long yellow hair and bright pink frock making her look like some strange kind of butterfly.

As their eyes fell on the little creature a grin of rough tenderness flashed out on the faces of the gang. Little Mame Theriault, who came with this wagon load of supplies for the gang, and who was to accompany the raft down the river, at once became the pet of the drive. Her father, a young widower, took her wherever it was possible, and her baby hands were dispensers of gentleness throughout the roughest gangs.

Only Jake, the dog, refused his tribute of homage. Jake's heart was sore within him, for he was jealous of little Mame.

Jake was a dog among ten thousand. He possessed countless accomplishments, and was ever athirst to learn more. His intelligence was such that "cute as Jake" had become a current phrase of compliment with Ben Smithers and his comrades. Wholly devoted to his master, he was at the same time half-fellow-well-met with all hands.

Until Mame's appearance on the scene, Jake had reigned without a rival. Now it was quite different. The hands, though as respectful as ever, seemed strangely forgetful of his presence at times, and with Ben, when Mame was by, his place had become secondary, and all his eager affection seemed to go to a matter of course. Jake was sure that Ben still loved him whenever he heeded him. Ordinarily, Jake

would have liked well to make a playmate of Mame, but as it was—never!

The whole party had got aboard, and the raft was shoved off into the current. In the middle of the structure stood a rough, temporary shanty of hemlock planks, with an elbow of raveled, stowpily projecting through the roof. Within this shelter the cook presided, and two or three bunks gave accommodation for part of the gang. The others—mending, of course, Mame and her father—looked to more luxurious sleeping quarters in the settlements along shore.

Mame was enchanted with her surroundings—with the shores slipping smoothly past, with the ripples washing up between the logs, with the dashes of spray over the windward edges of the raft, with the sternsman tugging on the great sweeps, and last, but by no means least, with the wide sheets of glossy gingerbread which the cook in his little house was producing for her particular gratification.

She had never before experienced the delight of a raft voyage. She skipped from side to side on her swift but unsteady little feet, and all hands were kept anxiously alert to prevent her from falling into the water.

Several times she made playful advances to the big dog, throwing herself down on the logs beside him, and scattering her yellow curls over his black and crinkly coat, but Jake, after a reluctant wagging of his tail, as if to indicate that his action was based on principle, and not on any ill will toward herself, invariably got up and made a reserved withdrawal to some remoter corner of the raft. Theriault noticed this, as he had done on previous occasions, and it seemed to vex him.

"I don't see what Jake's got agin the child, that he won't let her play with him," he remarked, half-crossly.

"Oh, I guess it's 'cause he ain't no ways used ter children, an' he's kinder afraid'n broken' her," Ben Smithers responded, languidly.

Jake had caught the irritation in the boss's tone, and had vaguely comprehended it. Upon the boss his resentment was tending to concentrate itself. He could harbor no real ill-feeling toward the child, but on Luke Theriault he seemed to lay the whole blame for his reticement.

Toward noon the breeze died down, and the heat grew fierce. The yellow-pink gum began to soften and trickle on the sunny sides of the logs, and great fragrant beads of balsam to ooze out from every ax-wound. The gang clustered, as far as possible, under the inefficient shade of the cook-house, in loosely sprawling attitudes—hats off and shirt-bosoms thrown wide open. Jake got down on the lowermost tier of logs, and lay panting in a couple of inches of water, surrounded by floating bits of bark and iridescent patches of balsam scum.

As for Mame, her pink frock by this time was pretty well bedraggled, and frock and hands alike smeared and blackened with balsam. Her sturdy little copper-toed boots were water-soaked. The heat had a suppressing effect even upon her, and she spent much of the time in Ben's lap in the shade of the cook-house, but now and then she would nose herself to renewed excursions, and torment the raftsmen's weather-beaten breasts with fresh alarms.

The river at this part of its course was full of shoals and cross-currents, cutting for a skillful pilot, and Theriault kept sweltering about the open raft rather than trust the steering to less responsible hands.

Just as the cook, with a pale countenance, came to the door of his den to announce the dinner, Mame had run to Jake's retreat, and crawled down upon the putting annual's back.

This contributed not at all to Jake's coolness, and he felt seriously disturbed by the intrusion. Slipping from under as gently as he could, he moved away in vexation, and Mame rolled in the shallow water.

She picked herself up, wet and whimpering, and Theriault, who happened to be standing close by, spoke angrily to the dog, and gave him a sharp kick. For Jake this was a new and startling experience. He could hardly resist the temptation to spring upon his insulter and pin him to the raft. Too wise for this, however, he merely stifled himself to his full height with a sudden, deep growl, and rolled a significant side-glance upon his assailant.

The boss was astonished. At the same time he was just a little startled, which made him still more angry, and he shouted:

"Don't you snarl at me, you brute, or I'll kick you off o' the raft!"

Ben Smithers interposed. "Don't klick him agin, boss!" he exclaimed. "I do mean no disrespect, but Jake ain't never had no kick, an' cuffs, an' I'd rather he didn't have none, 'less he deserves 'em. He don't know now what you kicked him fur, an' he's only protestin'." He wouldn't hurt a hair of yer head, an' ez fur Mame, howsever, he may keep on her way in this 'ere heat, I'd jest like ter see anythin' try ter tech her oukin' when Jake war 'round. You'd see then who was Mame's friend!"

During Ben's expostulation Theriault had cooled down. He laughed a little awkwardly, and acknowledged that he "hadn't" no call, under the circumstances, to kick the dog; but at the same time it was with no glances of affection that he eyed Jake during dinner.

When the meal was over he cautioned Mame so severely that the child began to look upon the dog as a bloodthirsty monster, and thereafter Jake was persecuted no more with her attentions.

The poor dog was now the happier on this account. Unleashed by his master, who through most of the afternoon kept nursing the weaned child in his lap, the poor animal lay grieving on a far-off corner of the raft.

Late in the afternoon the raft entered the succession of rapids lying below the mouth of the Munipung. There are few shoals here, but the steering is difficult by reason of turbulent water and cross currents. About this time, then, which none could be more inopportune, little Mame woke to new life, and resumed her perilous flittings about the raft. The men who were not needed at the sweeps were kept busy in pursuit of her. The swift motion, the tremblings of the raft, the tumult of the currents, these all enchanted and exhilarated the child. Jake a



gold-en-crowned fairy, she balanced tiptoe upon the upper logs, clapping her stained little hands, her hair blown all about her face.

Suddenly, forsaking Ben's company, she started toward her father where he stood at the stern of the raft, directing the steersman. The father reached out his hands to her, laughing. She was within three or four feet of him, but she chose to tantalize him a little. She darted to one side, pouncing on the very edge of the raft.

At this moment the timbers lurched under a heavy swell. Maude lost her balance, and with a shrill cry of terror she fell into the pitching current.

A mingled groan and prayer went up all over the raft, and Therault and one of the Indians, a big woodsman named Vandine, plunged in to the rescue. Ben Smithers was not a swimmer, and he could only stand and wring his hands.

Therault and the other who had sprung in were both strong swimmers, but a narrow surface current had seized Maude's small form and whirled it far away from the raft, while the heavy bodies of the men, grasped by the under-current, were forced in a different direction.

Therault's face grew ghastly and drawn as he saw the distance between himself and his child slowly widening. His desperate efforts could not carry him away from the raft, and he marked that Vandine was no more successful than he. A choking spasm tightened about his throat, and he gave a keen, sobbing cry of anguish as he saw the little pink-freckled form go under for the first time.

Then a great black body shot into the air above his head, and landed with a splash far beyond him. "Jake!" he thought, instantly, and a thankful sigh went up from his heart. Now he began to ease, once more, about keeping his own head above water.

Jake was late in noticing the catastrophe. He had been deep in a sudden and heavy sleep. When the cries woke him he yawned, and then mounted a log to take a survey of the situation. In a second or two he caught sight of the pink-freckled form in the waves, and of the little hands flung up in appeal.

His instantaneous and tremendous rush carried him far out from the raft, and then his pure Newfoundland blood made him master of the situation.

Little he cared for the tumult and the white-capped waves! His sinewy shoulders and broad-shouldered feet drove him straight through cross-current and eddy to where the child had sunk. When she came up he was within five feet of her, and with a quick plunge he caught her by the shoulder.

And now Jake's difficulties began. In quieter waters he would have found no trouble, but here he was unable to choose his hold. The men saw him let go of the child's shoulder, snatch a mouthful of the frock, and start for the raft.

In this position Maude's head passed under water, and all hands were in a panic lest she should drown before Jake could get her in. But the dog dropped his burden yet again, seized the little one by the upper part of the arm, and in this position was able to hold her head clear.

But it was a trying position. To maintain it Jake had to swim high, and to set his teeth with godless firmness into the child's tender arm. The waves, erect & shaggy, crowded in his face, half-choking him, and straining Maude's arms every instant.

Therault and Vandine were by this time so exhausted as to be quite powerless, and were with difficulty pulled back upon the raft. Then stood all hands, straining their gaze upon the gallant dog's progress. Ben Smithers waited with a pale pole, on the very edge of the timbers, ready to hook the steel into Maude's neck and lift her aboard the moment Jake got within reach.

Slowly lurching with the waves, Jake and his precious burden drew near the raft. Already Ben Smithers was reaching out his pole. Suddenly there was a crash, and the raft stopped, quivering, while the waves poured over its upper edge. The timbers of the farther inside corner had run aground and wedged fast.

There was a moment of bewildering suspense, while Jake and his charge were swept swiftly past the hands stretched out to save them. Then the raft broke into two parts, and the larger outside portion swung out across the main current and drove straight down upon the swimmer.

With a cry, the raft-men threw themselves flat on the logs, grasped at the dog, and succeeded in snatching the now silent child out of place of safety.

Jake had just got his fore-paws over the logs when the mass drove down upon his body. His head went back under the water, and Ben, who had his grip in the long hair of his pet's fore-shoulders, was himself well-nigh dragged overhead. Two of his comrades, throwing themselves on the logs beside him, plunged down their arms into the boiling foam and got hold of the helpless dog, and, almost lifeless, Jake was laid upon the raft.

Feetly wading his tail, the noble fellow lay with his head in Ben Smithers's lap, while the strength returned to his sinews and the breath found its way again to the depths of his laboring lungs. As the gang gathered about, and a babel arose of praise and sympathy, Jake seemed to appreciate the tribute.

When the boss had seen his child put safely and warmly to bed in the cook's bunk, he rushed forward and threw himself down beside Ben Smithers. He embraced Jake's dripping body, burying his face in the wet black rangle, and speaking words of grateful praise as fast as he could utter them.

All this, though passionately sincere and to Ben highly satisfactory and appropriate, was to Jake a plain annoyance. He knew nothing of the delights of reconciliation, or of the beauty of an effective reprimand, and he failed to respond. He simply didn't like Therault. He endured the embraces for a little, gazing straight into Ben's face with a pitiless stare. Then he staggered to his feet, dragged himself around to the other side of his master and thrust his big wet head under the shield of Ben's ample arm.

Therault laughed good-naturedly and rose to his feet. "Poor Jake!" he murmured. "I don't quite like to persecute him with no more thanks, 'cause he don't greatly enjoy it. But I can tell you, Ben, Therault, what a mistake I made this morning, 'n' how it sticks in my eye now to think on it!"

Here the boss thrust out his hand, and Ben Smithers grasped it cordially. It was a general understanding that the less said the better, and that Jake's behavior in the morning, and that this Jake duly

accepted the apology. Jake was expected to understand the proceeding as the gang did, and to abide by it. No atom of surprise was felt, therefore, when, after the lapse of a day, it became plain that Jake and the boss were on the best of terms, with Maude in her proper place of idolized and envied subordination.

(CHARLES G. H. ROBERTS.)

PERSEVERE.

Plunge thy furrow to life's field,  
Tho' the heavens may smile or frown,  
Falter not, look back, nor yield,  
Till the sun goes down.

—Selected.

For the Companion.

A FIGHT WITH A PANTHER.

"Europeans, and especially Englishmen who have done India and Africa in search of big game, are inclined to laugh at our panthers. They appear to think that because the buffalo is extinct, and the grizzly has become a rarity, we have nothing left in this country to afford them their exciting, dangerous hunting."

"Now all I can say is that if they want rough-and-tumble encounters, I can recommend the Californian panther to them with strong testimonials, and they will not have to go far to look for him, either."

The man who made this remark was Mr. John Murray, of San Francisco, a hunting enthusiast. As he lay back in his chair, holding a cigar with his left hand, he gave visible proof that he had had a rough encounter of some sort.

This right arm had been broken and badly lacerated,

down the leader, while Charley emptied his Winchester after the retreating pair without success. We were anxious to prepare the dead deer for transportation to the camp as quickly as possible, in order that we might not be caught by the darkness, and both threw down our ribs. We were about half done preparing the game, when I heard a rustling and crashing behind me, and, turning my head, I saw some animal in mid-air springing light for me.

"The natural instinct of self-preservation led me to throw myself on the ground as quickly as possible, and as I did so I felt the wind of the brute's passing body literally raise my hair. It had missed me, but it struck Charley, who was just by my side, bruising him, and rolled him over for several paces, and dazed him so that he did not know where he was or what had struck him.

"It was a panther and as hungry and wicked as a panther can be. He had evidently been tracking these deer up his own account, and when he found himself forestalled, had worked himself up into a state of frenzy and attacked us.

"Well, there lay Charley on his face, with the brute clanking over him, and I could see the blood staining my companion's brown hunting-shirt a darker hue where the panther's paw rested.

"I hoped to my feet, seized Charley's rifle by the barrels, and, swinging the stock around, aimed a heavy blow at the animal's head. He saw it coming, and met the attack with a quick turn and a snarl. The barrels broke from the stock with the force of the blow, which struck on the animal's shoulder, knocking him sideways upon his back.

"Quicker than a flash he rose and came straight at me, open-mouthed, but fortunately he gripped my loose buckskin hunting-shirt in his teeth, instead of my shoulder as he intended. At the same time one of his hind paws struck my thigh, and only the stout



I LEFT THE WIND OF THE BRUTE'S BODY PASSING BY.

buckskin prevented him from rending the flesh from my hip to the knee.

"The force of his spring knocked me down upon my right side. There he panned me. I could not get up my knife, and poor Charley was only just recovering his wits, and for a few minutes or seconds—like some slowly in a fix like that—did not know what was going on.

"I slipped my left arm around the head of the panther, and tried to thrust my finger and thumb into his eyes. I succeeded but partially; and as the beast seized my arm in his mouth, it gave me a chance to roll over and try to draw my knife. But the brute pulled at me so that in sheer desperation I grasped his snout and closed with him as one might with a man.

"It must have been an exciting scene. Charley said that at first I was at the top, then the panther; and all the time he was cowering around, looking for an opening to shoot, and in his excitement trying to fit his Winchester cartridges into my rifle.

"I yelled with agony, and my antagonist howled and struggled. My clothes fastened about a minute, then skin and flesh began to rattle. Charley threw the rifle down, drew his short-knife, and threw him self upon the beast, stabbing him wherever he got a chance, and once, poor fellow, putting the knife point through my second finger.

"All this infuriated the panther a thousand-fold, and, turning short round from me, he threw Charley on his back and commenced to worry him. This gave me a chance to draw my knife, but I could only use it in my left hand. My right arm was swinging about like a pendulum, and rapidly turning me sick with pain.

"I attacked the panther just the same, and as I gave him a thrust that sent the knife through his shoulder, and then slipped off the bone, cutting his way out, we all three rolled down a pretty deep hole or crevice, where a great tree had been uprooted years before.

"As we reached the bottom, the yelling of the brute ceased. As his grip relaxed for an instant, Charley rolled out of his embrace, and, stealing

himself, sprang back again and plunged his knife into the panther's heart. Then Charley literally fell on top of his back, and, rolling off with his head and shoulders under the animal's hind-quarters, struck me a severe blow on the temple with one of his heels.

"How long we lay there I do not know, but it was dark when I recovered consciousness. My first recollection was hearing Tom's voice calling my name. I called back to him, but my voice sounded harsh and strange in my ears. Tom heard it, and speedily came down the hole with a lantern to see what was the matter.

"As soon as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I saw Charley, covered with blood, lying insensate under the panther. The animal was stone-dead, his last living effort having been to seize Charley's foot with his teeth. Fortunately he got the heel crosswise among his teeth, which were stuck fast in the solid leather of the heel.

"We pulled the carcass from off Charley, and, after getting him back to consciousness, found that most of his wounds were superficial, except the first deep stroke of the claw on the shoulder, and a contusion on the side of the head received when we all rolled down the slide.

"In examining the panther, we found that a sharp root projecting from the bank had impaled the brute through the lungs, and that he was actually skewered where he was lying—a pretty fortunate thing for us, as we were both disabled, and but for that sharp root he must have finished us both.

"I was nearly torn to pieces, and had my right arm broken in two places. It turned out that Tom heard the shot, and, as we did not make our appearance, had rightly inferred, from the fusillade Charley aimed emptying his Winchester, that something had happened to me. He luckily remembered noticing the hole some days before, and made his way to it as soon as he saw the dead deer and the broken rifle. But for that he would not have found us until morning.

"Charley and I were rigged up a litter for me between the two horses as soon as I was strong enough to travel, and we got back all right, though it took a long time to cover the distance.

"If you think that panther's skin does not show much sign of punishment, just turn it over, and count the knife-thrusts. Fifteen! Yes, and several stabs in the head that cannot be counted in. Big game may be all very well, but a panther is quite exciting enough for me."

WILEY P. FORD.

For the Companion.

BICYCLING ACCIDENTS IN EUROPE.

The roads in Europe are so invariably good that, during a recent bicycle trip of twenty-six hundred miles, lasting five months, I met with no serious mishap. Yet there were several events that gave variety and no little excitement to a trip which otherwise might have become monotonous from the very lack of danger and difficult riding.

The slight effort required of a long-distance wheelman to keep his equilibrium on such roads becomes almost second nature, and a trouble of rain-coats, little mishap breaks in upon his life quite pleasantly, or otherwise. Usually otherwise, but the first time I think not only pleased a large number of spectators, but has since earned me to some degree of the ludicrous appearance I must have presented to the assembled inhabitants of Kirkwall, in the north of England.

The morning was rainy, but as I was fitted out with a rubber suit, the unpleasant weather, which continued for two weeks, caused no serious delay. The suit consisted of a long gossamer coat, bright yellow all-cloth knee-panties, a pair of all-cloth I had intended to use to keep the saddle dry,—rubber leggings and large rubber overshoes.

The overshoes were of such enormous size that when a farmer, whom I passed on the road that day, asked if I was "performing some big feat," it was by no means clear to which his remarks referred, the bicycle trip or my lower extremities. The kuaenek, too, under the gossamer, made me appear more hunch-backed than was the detestable Richard III; and to make the outfit complete, I wore a gossamer hood that came down upon my shoulders, Eskimo fashion, with only an opening in front for my eyes and nose.

Thus accoutred, I started from the hotel, threw my enormous legs over the handle bars, and proceeded to coast down the hill out of town. The wind and the speed which I soon attained caused the long coat to fly out behind as though as my assorted-colored legs reached out in front; but, such as the exhibition of a gossamer goblin astride a wheel pleased the crowd of spectators at the hotel at the top of the hill, I soon found my exit from Kirkwall, anything but funny, and altogether too rapid for safety.

The brake would not hold against the clays mud, and, alas! must or lose control of the machine entirely. In coasting there is but one way to dismount. It is not always a graceful way, but it serves when you must stop. So I leaned forward, put the brake on hard and made the machine tip up behind. Of course I went off in front and struck upon my feet all right, with the handle-bars grasped firmly behind my back, but no longer had my rubber over-shoes come in contact with the clays road-bed than they flew out from under me with lightning speed, and I sat down in the mud with a loud "Hut!" and a thud.

The sudden termination of my showman's career caused the gossamer hood to slip down over my eyes; but, with a wheelman's instinct to save his machine, I still held the handle-bars tightly behind me, so, if pained, and, losing my balance, rolled blindly over into the muddy ditch, face down, in a luxuriant growth of nettles, and the little wheel of my machine, as if wild with joy, whirling high above me.

It is startling the fact mildly to say that when I regained my feet I was more mud-dy, more hunch-backed and decidedly more nettled than I had ever been before, and quite too much so to give a repetition of the performance in answer to the hearty applause of my spectators.

Another little accident occurred, I remember, that early night I was called over seriously.

About four hundred and fifty miles south of Paris I had ridden eighty-eight miles in one day. Such a



ride, straight away, over the average American roads, would be simply impossible; but in Southern France, where the government highways are not only macadamized but are covered with a coating of cement that dries as hard and smooth as asphalt, a ride of seventy-five or eighty miles is an ordinary pleasant day's journey, and a short

and stopped him so suddenly that the rear wheel began to buck the long cart around directly across the road. I was going so rapidly that I could have passed by turning down into the ditch, but I saw, in the moonlight, a long pole projecting beyond the back of the wagon.

To get around the end of that pole required more room than there was in the road, and, still coasting, I ran obliquely up the bank on the side of the road and along the ridge, expecting every instant that the pole would reach the crossing-point first, hook into the machine, and lift me down the side of the mountain several hundred feet. I escaped by the fraction of an inch, but when I saw the pole approaching me, I instantly decided that mule-teams are not such

that of Ceres, the sleep-giving poppy, and Minerva the violet; while Bacchus had the vine, Mars the ash, Mercury the palm, and Apollo the laurel.

The ruler nations of the North in like manner chose flowers as decorations for their clothes. Those days of the week which were named from the deities were assigned each its symbolic plant; the sunflower for Sunday, the daisy for Monday, the violet for Tuesday, and so on.

The Christian church has not been behind its pagan predecessors following in this picturesque custom. The saints' days, and other church holidays, have their symbolic flowers. On Palm Sunday, palms are still carried by the members of the elder church. The holly is the Christmas symbol, and the ananrath that of All Saints' Day.

In heraldry floral emblems are very often to be found emblazoned on the coats-of-arms of princes and nobles. As the fleur-de-lis was that of French royalty, so is the rose the floral emblem on the English escutcheon. On that of Scotland is to be found the thistle, suggestive of the rugged Scottish hill; while the Irish proudly display the green shamrock as their national badge. As yet, however, no flower has been adopted as the American emblem, though the subject of one has been much discussed.

#### For the Companion.

##### TOLERANCE.

Men love old things. Their hearts are very bound by all the tendrils of the clinging past. The broken craters of their youth are green. With the rank growth that ever holds them fast. Men love old things. Oh, not too ruthlessly. Tear the close fibres from the heart they warm. Now first the seeds of blooming truth to grow. Nor leave it standing naked to the storm.

Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier.

##### THE ALL-AMERICA CONFERENCE.

The great conference between the delegates of all the independent countries of both the American continents came to an end on the 19th of April. The delegates had assembled at the beginning of October, had spent some weeks in a tour over the northern half of the United States, and since the middle of November had been holding sessions pretty constantly at Washington. After the formal meetings had ended, they closed their stay in the country by making a trip through the South.

The conference was wholly unlike any other great conference that was ever held in many respects, but most remarkably in this, that it was not only planned, but carried out, as a means of promoting the common interests of all the countries participating in it, and not to help one country to gain any kind of ascendancy over the others.

The delegates had no authority to pass a vote that would be binding upon any country. Their province was simply to recommend measures, to be afterward carried into effect by means of treaties and laws.

They have recommended a very interesting and important series of measures. They propose the establishment of lines of steamships to connect the countries of North and South America on the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, and through the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. They also propose a continuous line of railway to pass through Central America and the Isthmus of Panama, and down the eastern slope of the Andes far into the Continent of South America.

Compled with these grand schemes are others, for the establishment of a great international bank, by means of which the commercial balances between the countries of the two continents may be settled without the employment of exchange on London, according to the present practice; for the general adoption of the metric system of weights and measures; for reciprocity in the matters of copyright, trademarks and patents; and for the establishment of an extensive bureau of information which will enable a merchant in one country to learn all about the laws and commercial customs of any other country.

Steps were also taken in the direction of a common system of coinage, a general uniformity of extradition laws, and treaties of reciprocity between the several countries of the two continents. But in each of these last-named matters obstacles were met with which prevented the formal adoption of a definite plan.

The most important act of all was the solemn adoption of the principle of arbitration instead of war for the settlement of international differences, and the condemnation of wars of conquest. The subject is too large to be dismissed with a mere mention, which is all we can give it in this place; and we shall refer to it again more particularly next week.

Bearing in mind that the conference had power only to advise, we may say that it was a highly successful meeting. Not only did it confine its attention to what was practical, and avoid attempting to act on points where perfect agreement could not be reached, but it was in all respects conservative. The members seem to have been animated from first to last by the spirit of friendliness and mutual regard, which was consistent with the mutual motive for calling them together.

Some of these propositions are grand in their conception, even for this nineteenth century. If they could all be carried out they would bind

together the nations of the New World in a federation hardly less strong than it would be if a complete political union were established. Of course it is not probable that they will all be carried out soon, and perhaps some of them are not likely ever to be realized. But it is an inspiring thought that the delegates of all the countries of the Western Hemisphere are disposed to cultivate the most intimate relations with each other.

The fact that at the moment when the conference closed the countries represented were on terms not merely of peace and friendship with each other, but of active and cordial goodwill, is the best evidence that the meeting was completely successful.

#### ALL NEW.

A shrewd German observer who visited this country during the last year remarked to a friend, "The peritubility about wealthy Americans which strikes a foreigner is that they all have just built their homes. Magnificent houses they are, to be sure, abounding in art treasures, but—they are brand new. If you ask your host where did he live a year ago, he does not show you. Are they, then, all ashamed of the homes of their childhood?"

Of course there is an honest Yankee exaggeration in this statement of the case. There are scores and hundreds of charming old homes, but there is also some truth in the somewhat bitter sneer. American men, women and families are pushing on, progressing in wealth, culture and social position. They are resolved to occupy a higher place in the world's eye, and to command more applause for the to-morrows of their lives than they had for the to-days.

But what to do with the yesterdays? All boys know that the crab which swims along our seacoasts and inlets grows rapidly, but that its shell cannot expand. Periodically, therefore, the crab breaks out of the narrow shell, buries its cast-off clothing in the mud, and presents itself in new, larger and more important creature to the view of its acquaintances.

The man or the family who is pushing up to higher social levels, breaks in the same way out of old shells. There is the humble, unpainted village house in which the youth of the great millionaire was reared. Is the man who is risen in life ashamed to show it to his foreign guest who, in the new palace, asks to see the family homestead?

There are the grammatical ships, the old-time country members of the woman just admitted into fashionable circles, shall she be ashamed of them, or let them pass as of trivial weight while, with simplicity and shrewdness, she endeavors to make friends in her new life?

Are there the old friends and kind-folk who were so dear in the days of our poverty—shall we turn our backs on them, hide them out of the sight of our new acquaintances?

These are the shells which the prosperous American sloughs off as he grows in wealth and importance. He cannot bury them in the mud as the crab does his old skin.

There is no better test of a man than his behavior concerning these proofs and relics of his former poverty and humble estate. A ruder man may make a huge fortune, a vulgar count can push his way in society, but it is only the thoroughbred gentleman or gentlewoman who lives above the petty externalities of life.

#### GOING ON A FARM.

At this beautiful season of the year, when we enjoy the charms of summer without suffering its inconveniences, many city people begin to long for a country life. The feeling steals over the sedentary man at his desk that his employment is, at best, an artificial one.

Man was not made, he thinks, to sit on a stool and add up columns of figures; he was made for the fields, the woods and the sunshine. He fancies himself coming homeward with loads of hay, or riding forth on his own horse to sell it at the next village, particularly if he has been reading lately of those half deserted towns in Vermont and New Hampshire where he can buy for five hundred dollars a good sized farm, a house of eight rooms, a barn and numerous other outbuildings.

Doubtless, there are young men in cities who actually could go upon one of those farms and do well. There are also young men in the country who could go to New York or Boston, hire a large store in some leading street, fill it with merchandise bought on credit, make money and in a few years become rich. How many could do this? About as many as there are of city-bred men who could thrive upon one of those Vermont farms.

A New York paper lately printed the story of two young men who went to Florida seven years ago with a little money and much energy. In order to save fare, they went thither in a schooner, walked over a great part of Florida, camping out at night, and finally brought for a trifle a shallow, ten-acre pond, with some wild land about it. To speak more correctly, they bought the wild land, and the seller "threw the pond in," as being in his opinion a chance.

But it was the pond they wanted. In the course of a few months, by a little digging and trench ploughing, they converted their pond into ten acres of the blackest and richest soil in Florida, from which they have been sending schooner-loads and car-loads of melons and vegetables to New York ever since.

For the first two years they lived in a hut of their own building.

"It is five years," says the narrator, "since I first saw and talked with these two young gardeners. They had then built themselves a comfortable house, and had a number of sheds and barns and the start of a fine orange grove. When I saw them again last winter the house had grown to a considerable size, for there were two wives and any number of children on the premises. The bed of the old pond was a garden in which were growing tomatoes, peas, beans, egg-plants, lettuce, and other kinds of vegetables that bring a good price out of season in the New York market."

This, indeed, is a very fine story and well calculated to spread abroad the Florida fever. But please



BICYCLING ACCIDENTS.

day's ride at that. It was in October, and, after seven days of rain and snow, on this, the first pleasant morning, I felt just like riding. I had been spinning noiselessly along all day over these perfect roads when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I stopped, suddenly.

It happened in this way. A long-haired dog of wretched appearance had been barking at me for quite a distance. This had not annoyed me greatly, for, in a section of country where dogs are a great deal plentier than blackberries ever were, I was so entirely accustomed to having three or four barking at me at once that I could have endured this with perfect equanimity.

In fact, only a few days before a prominent-jawed bulldog had made a spring for me as I was riding along, but I had become so hardened by the riding and barking combined that I had supposed my muscles were too tough to tear. When, however, I stopped a mile farther on to examine the rent in my left stocking, I was surprised to find that the dog had secured a portion of the calf of my leg, too, as a souvenir.

This barking cur who had followed so close to the front wheel for a quarter of a mile did not dare to bite, but he nevertheless succeeded in making me bite the dust. After riding over twenty-three hundred miles through Europe without a tumble, what half a dozen Alpine passes and the alleged miracle roads of Belgium had failed to accomplish, this dog, single-handed, or rather single-footed and alone, had brought to rest. He had me low.

Just how it happened I shall never know, but that I ran over him I judged from the reproachful look he gave me as he ran yelping back into the house. As for me, I found myself in the round ten feet ahead of the machine, with the palms of both hands torn and bleeding, one knee stiff, and a dark-and-blue spot where the watch in my trousers pocket had been driven hard against me by the fall on the stone road. The watch, being a Waterbury, never lost a tick, but continued to run on as sonorously as ever.

Accepting this misadventure as part of a wheelman's fate, I picked myself up and rode twenty-three miles to a small inn, where I had scarcely begun my supper before the effect of the fall showed itself in a fainting fit. Recovering shortly with a ravenous appetite still strong in distress, I returned and did justice to the meal, and the next day rode on as usual.

On the way from Marsville to Cannes I happened to reach the summit of a range of mountains one evening just in time to see one of those beautiful sunsets which the clearer atmosphere of the Mediterranean region makes so lovely. In coming around a bend in the road soon after, I saw a mule-team coming up. Everywhere in France the mule-drivers had seemed to delight in snapping and cracking their whips about my ears as I passed them; but this driver was so intent upon his whip-cracking that he did not see me, and I yelled to warn him.

He instantly seized the front mule by the tail,

picturesque objects as they are represented. The trip, as a whole, was filled with many most delightful experiences. The foregoing include those most nearly approaching consequences of a serious nature.

GEORGE B. THAYER.

#### A SACRED BURDEN.

A sacred burden is the life we bear. Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly. Squat up, and walk beneath it bravely. Fall not for sorrow, falter not for sin. But onward, upward, till the goal is won.

—Frances Anne Kenble.

#### PRIMROSE DAY.

On the 19th of April in each year many thousands of English people, of all ranks and both sexes, appear in the streets wearing the pretty, simple English wild flower, the primrose. The reason of this is that the primrose was the favorite flower of the late Lord Beaconsfield, the famous statesman, orator and novelist, and the 19th of April, 1881, was the day on which he died.

The primrose is therefore worn, as it has been worn every year now for nine years past, by those who admire Lord Beaconsfield, and who desire to pay annual honor to his memory. The gentle little flower may thus be said to have become a party badge, for it is only Tories, followers of Lord Beaconsfield in politics, who for the most part display it in buttonholes and on dresses.

It was this fact which caused the Tory ladies, who, several years ago, banded themselves into a political society for electioneering purposes, to call their society by the now famous name of the "Primrose League." So famous a tribute was, perhaps, never paid regularly for so long a period to the memory of any other dead statesman, and shows that Lord Beaconsfield had won a more secure place in the hearts of large numbers of his countrymen and countrywomen than the world at large had suspected.

But this is by no means the first time that a flower has been adopted as a political badge, or as a symbol full of suggestive meaning. In the Wars of the Roses, the reader knows, roses of different colors were the badges of the contending factions, the Lancastrians adopting the red rose, and the Yorkists the white. The symbol of French royalty, when it reigned, was the three-petaled fleur-de-lis.

Some countries have their distinctively national flowers. All visitors to Japan describe in glowing terms the ardent affection with which the people of "the land of politeness and blossoms" cherish their brilliant chrysanthemum; the Egyptians in like manner honor the delicate heliotrope, the Assyrians the water-lily and the Hindoos the marigold.

The Greeks and Romans, even, were wont to assign the varied beauty of their gardens to their gods and goddesses. For instance, the flower of Juno was the lily; that of Venus, the myrtle;







"Snake in the hat," the student said accordingly, and every student produced a pipe, as soon the air was filled with a dense cloud of tobacco smoke. So fond became the air that at last one of the boys began to feel sick. As he took his pipe from his mouth and settled back into his seat, the woman leaned toward him.

"If it is due, sir," she said, in a wheedling tone, "would you kindly give me a little more?" I cannot recall a hostile forced tone.





For the Companion

## THE TRUE STORY OF AN IRON POT.

THE kitchen was no longer used by the family, but the pot hung in the great chimney-place just as it had done for years, and Miss Susan Sweetapple, to whom it belonged, was very proud of it. The Sweetapples had owned that pot for generations.

During the Revolution it had boiled fowls for



many a rebellious subject of the king, and there was even a story of some important despatches that escaped the search of British officers by being hidden in it under a great lurch of goldenrod.

Miss Susan was very fond of telling this tale and others like it, and the Sweetapple pot became a regular object of interest in the little village, shown to all strangers, and spoken of with great respect.

"Susan would rather lose her two eyes, I really believe, than part with that pot," said old Miss Abby Bates.

It did seem too bad, therefore, that a new little girl, who had no connection whatever with Revolutionary times, and whom nobody wanted for a collection, should be the cause of the destruction of the famous iron pot.

It happened in this way. One warm summer evening the old Dillbury stage-coach stopped at Miss Susan Sweetapple's front gate, and a very small girl and a very small box were set down upon the sidewalk.

The girl was Miss Susan's niece, and she had come to pass two weeks with her aunt.

Her great poke-hommet was tied under her chin with a huge bow; her travelling cape was made very full in order to fit over immense puffed sleeves, and her long ruffled pantalottes just grazed the ground.

Miss Susan used to say afterward, "I don't know why it was, but the moment I set eyes on Joy Brentwood I just seemed to feel she was born to give me trouble."

It may have been that Miss Susan, being unused to children, did not know how to amuse and interest her little visitor, or it may have been that Joy's natural aptitude for mischief was something uncommon. I cannot tell.

At any rate, there was not a day during that visit in which some accident did not occur. Cherished household articles were broken or lost one after another.

She refused to have anything to do with her real doll, but would dress up a rolling-pin or a dust-brush, and enjoy playing with it by the hour.

Long after she had gone home Betty found her missing dish-nap, attired in one of Miss Susan's checked aprons, sitting in state in a corner of the garret window.

To keep her out in the garden became the grand object of Miss Susan's life, for though Joy smashed the flowerpots with the same impartial hand that broke the cut-glass pitchers, their loss was not so hard to bear.

It happened very unfortunately toward the end of this trying and destructive visit, that a succession of rainy days kept Joy confined to the house.

The little girl had begun to feel that her stay with her aunt had been altogether successful. A dim idea came to her in these latter days that she would try to be very good, and keep those troublesome and meddling fingers from doing any more damage.

Picking up her neglected doll, she sought her aunt in the sitting-room, and asked permission to play in the old kitchen.

Miss Susan's heart gave a great bound of delight, and she felt that her small niece was begin-

ning to try to be good, for there was absolutely nothing in the kitchen but the iron pot, and surely Joy was too small to break that.

"Yes, my dear," she said, "you may play in the kitchen, but don't get in any mischief."

"No, ma'am," said Joy, with unusual meekness, and she departed dragging her doll after her. The big, bare room did not promise much entertainment as the little girl stood in the doorway. The great fireplace made the only break in its four white walls.

On the floor of the fireplace stood the pot, having been taken from the crane where it usually hung, a day or so before, for its careful weekly scrubbing.

Joy dropped the doll carelessly on the floor, as she ever rested on the pot while she walked slowly to the chimney-place. A novel idea had entered her busy little brain. She had discovered a new use for Aunt Susan's old black pot.

Grasping the edge she lifted a pantalotted leg over it and proceeded to get inside. This accomplished she stood with the opening of the vessel coming just below her waist.

The pot had a small mouth and deep shoulders and when Joy attempted to sit down in it she found it quite difficult to do so. But by much squirming and twisting she actually succeeded in getting her own shoulders under the shoulders of the pot and before long was seated in a very cramped position in its black interior, only her head above the rim.

There seemed to be something especially pleasing to Joy in this situation. She smiled contentedly and settled herself as comfortably as possible in her queer armchair.

As her head felt back she could look up the wide chimney-shaft to the square of gray sky far above. A few drops of rain fell on her face and that was delightful. A patch of blue sky came in sight through a break in the clouds. A bird flew by the opening.

A sense of sleepy comfort stole over Joy, her eyes closed, and she must have dozed a little while, when all at once she was aroused by a quick patter of rain-drops outside, and then she was wide awake enough.

She began to think it was time to play some other game, but when she tried to rise, she found she could not move.

It was really only a few moments before Miss Susan and Betty appeared, but it seemed hours to Joy, and she was so faint and sick when she saw them she could hardly speak.

Very much frightened by her looks the two women got the pot on its legs and tried their best to get her out, but found they could not move her at all.

Really alarmed and forgetting her beloved pot in her anxiety for her niece, Miss Susan sent Betty for the blacksmith, and pouring a few drops of brandy between Joy's lips had the satisfaction of seeing the color come back to her face.

She was a very pitiful and fatherly little object as she sat looking up at Miss Susan standing before her.

Dizzy with fright, she tried to get her shoulders and arms from under the top of the pot, but found she had no power to make them move.

With a scream of terror, she tried again to release herself, the pot lost its balance, fell over on its rounded side and rolled to the end of the room, where it knocked up against the wall with a heavy bump. It would have been a funny sight to a looker-on, but it was dreadful for Joy.

She lay with her poor head rolling from the mouth of the pot, screaming with all her might. Would no one come to her help?

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"Joy," said that lady, solemnly, "are you very uncomfortable?"

"Yes," sobbed Joy.

"Aren't you sorry you did such a wrong and foolish thing as to get into that pot?" proceeded Miss Susan.

"Yes," said Joy.

"Do you understand now," continued Miss Susan, "why I have warned you against meddling with things you ought not to touch?"

"Yes," said Joy again, in a broken voice.

The blacksmith arrived at last, but the pot had to be broken to pieces before Joy was released from that awful iron grip.

This last breakage proved too much for Miss Susan's patience. Joy was sent home the next day in great disgrace and never went to visit her aunt again.

I think the unhappy incident had the effect of making her a better girl, and I ought to know, for I was Joy.

For the Companion

## QUEER PILLS.

Harry's grandpa is a homeopathic doctor, and the little boy is very fond of riding about with him on his daily rounds. Harry was also quite devoted to the sugar pellets kept in a bag bottle on a shelf in the office; for his grandpa quite often gives him some of them to play doctor with before the medicine is put in them.

One stormy day, when he was only two years



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

ENIGMA.

Here, there, everywhere  
I'll, then disappear,  
No noise betrays my coming  
Yet I inspire fear.  
Now far, now near, I'm followed  
By one, who, hid from sight,  
Travels his awful prey,  
By noise, both day and night.

H. A. G.

2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The answer, composed of 96 letters, is a quotation from a celebrated English author, who died on May 17, 1885.  
The 42, 43, 44, 1, 17, 18, 50 is the first name of the author.  
The 12, 20, 21, 50, 2, 10, 67 is the second name of the author.  
The 8, 9, 3, 64, 23 is the third name of the author.  
The 1, 13, 81, 96 is observed.  
The 20, 93, 94, 5, 99 is to foam.  
The 7, 6, 37, 32, 47, 77, 78 is the name of a celebrated biographer (1740-1790) who wrote a life of Dr. Johnson.  
The 14, 22, 27, 36, 32, 11, 39, 60, 24, 70 is a hollow.  
The 15, 33, 34, 18, 60, 54, 35 is even.  
The 75, 32, 65, 68, 16 is to fascinate.  
The 19, 25, 61, 76, 30, 88 is action.  
The 30, 46, 26, 83, 86, 43, 61, 37 is oscillations of learning.  
The 41, 66, 28, 54, 45, 74 is to swoop up.  
The 51, 62, 79, 84, 86 is to push violently.  
The 95, 81, 87, 46 is a fancy.  
The 71, 59, 53, 82 is a gust.  
The 72, 73, 53, 86, 89 is robbery.  
38 is a pronoun.

GILBERT FORREST.

3.

ANAGRAM.

Queen Mary is a cross creature.  
Hix! the sun and ho! the showers!  
I've a plot of blooming flowers.  
With much ado,  
And pointing too,  
There I spend the shining hours.

4.

PUZZLE.

Botany.

1. Members of a religious order, and a covering.  
2. Single one, and a fastening.  
3. A boy's name, and part of a woman's wing.  
4. A bird, and to infect.  
5. A bird's ornament.  
6. Elevated, to empty, and a Greek goddess.  
7. A fruit, and an edible.  
8. A country, and a color.  
9. A numeral, and part of the face.  
10. To emulate, a circle, and to permit.  
11. An adjective, and a vegetable.  
12. A vehicle, and a collection of people.  
13. A Greek goddess, an insect, and a snail.  
14. A timid animal, and a society lady.  
15. Yellow, and an instrument of punishment.  
16. An English evergreen, and a kind of wine.  
17. An adjective, and a man's name.  
18. Anger, and a form of grain.  
19. To unite, and valuable.  
20. To recline, and a resmious substance.  
21. An exclamation, and a famous character.  
22. A toy, and a nickname.  
23. A useful animal, and to slide.  
24. A nickname, a negation, and a famous Bible character.  
25. A table luxury, and to pursue.  
26. Popular persons, and an article of jewelry.  
27. A symbol of power, and belonging to royalty.  
28. A sly animal, and an article of clothing.  
29. A fop, and a wild beast.  
30. A luminary, a preposition, and a famous town.

5.

CHARADE.

My first means denial  
Without reservation,  
But not in the pasture  
If means conversation.

Its haunts in the country  
My second confesses  
When often it leaves them  
To loop up our dresses.

A puzzle that's easy  
I've furnished and found you,  
For my whole story find I beg  
In homes all around you.

CLEVELAND.

## Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Windmill.  
2. 1. Cabbage—Cabbage. 2. Pot-Tat-toe—Potato.  
3. Bent—Bent. 4. Turn-slip—Turnip. 5. Pumpkin.  
6. Pea—Pea. 7. Land-flower—Candy-flower. 8. Rue.  
9. Rhubarb. 10. A pair of Gae—Asparagus. 11. Lentil—Lentil. 12. Come-hair—Cucumber. 13. Corn. 14. Sugar-cane. 15. Turn-slip—Turnip. 16. Leek—Leek. 17. Squash. 18. Egg-plant. 19. Carrot. 20. Carrot. 21. Carrot. 22. Carrot. 23. Carrot. 24. Carrot. 25. Carrot. 26. Carrot. 27. Carrot. 28. Carrot. 29. Carrot. 30. Carrot.  
3. Baby Shaftee.  
4. Spartans guarding Thermopylae.  
5. RIGOT  
I N U R B  
G U I S K  
G U S S  
T E N S  
6. 1. Dathan—Numbers 16, 27. 2. Abimelech—2 Samuel 18, 9. 3. Ahab—Ezra 1, 10. 4. Jehu—1 Samuel 1, 21. 5. Darius—Daniel 6, 9. David.





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For the Companion.

#### RUNNING FROM THE FAIR.

The ear, next to the eye, is the most delicate organ we possess, and the failure of its powers is as distressing to the sufferer's friends as to himself. Yet too little attention is paid to its slight ailments, since it is not always fully appreciated how much damage may be done by what seems to be slight neglect, and how little treatment, properly applied, may be required to avert a lifetime of discomfort.

It is not an uncommon thing to see matter running from the ears of children. Sometimes this means nothing more than an inflammatory condition of the passage leading to the drum membrane, but far oftener there is disease of the cavity beyond.

The infection begins with an inflammation of the delicate membrane lining the drum cavity. In some cases this process is not very severe, and passes away without other complications. If, however, the inflammation is intense or long continued, a considerable quantity of watery fluid collects. This not only causes severe distress and temporary deafness, but after a time it is liable to burst the drum membrane and escape through the outer ear. In such an event it is often supposed that an abscess has broken.

Sometimes the small opening thus formed closes rapidly, and after a time another collection may take place and be followed by a similar discharge. Should this be repeated several times a considerable portion of the drum membrane is likely to be destroyed. The very minute bones which are essential to the perfect transmission of sound to the internal ear may at the same time be washed away, and there their results is loss of hearing power which no art of man can make good.

These inflammatory conditions are apt to occur in the course of certain diseases, such as scarlet fever and diphtheria, and if, during the run of these diseases, an earache should come on or a discharge be seen, it should be looked upon as of small importance.

Sometimes, if there is an accumulation of fluid in the middle chamber, from an inflammation just beginning, the simple puncture of the drum membrane by a surgeon will allow the escape of the fluid, and entirely avert the danger of permanent deafness.

#### WITH CHILDREN'S EYES.

It takes so little to make children happy or miserable! Trifles are no trifles in their eyes. Oftentimes, to be sure, they do not know what is for their good, but their likes and dislikes may mean so much to them and so little to their elders that it seems a needless cruelty not to consider them. It is nothing unusual for some petty humiliation to leave a permanent mark upon a child's character.

Many a child has had his pride wounded by having to expose an unattractive lunch to the gaze of his companions. Not that the mother could not have made it better, but she was busy, and thought it did not matter. The other day the writer heard an old lady scold unmercifully of her long-lost mother in those words:

"She was such a good mother, and put me up such dainty lunches to take to school! It nooks my mouth water yet to think of them!"

"O mother, the other girls don't wear umbrellas! Please let me wear my hat!" pleaded a little school girl.

The mother thought such pride ought not to be encouraged, and the sensitive, shrinking child had to suffer the torture of dressing differently from her mates, and bear with their jests and laughter.

A six-year-old boy, who thought himself big enough for trousers, wore a plaid suit with a skirt in it. Some one laughed at him for wearing "girl's clothes," and when his mother was dressing him for school next morning, Freddy said:

"Mamma, I don't want to wear that girl's dress!" The mother gently urged the mother, but the spirit of resistance was strong in the boy. "It is a girl's dress, and I want you to wear it," he reiterated. "Very well," said his mother, at length. "You may have your choice: wear this suit, or go to bed again!"

Freddy chose to return to bed. At noon he was

still obstinate, and was given bread and water for his dinner, and at supper-time he found no better. He entered an complaint, but being an active, healthy boy, it was a heavy penalty for him to be there all day.

After supper one of Freddy's mates came in to inquire what was the matter. The mother allowed him to see her obstinate son.

"Sick?" asked the guest.

"No," was Freddy's sober reply, "but I've got to lie here just the same."

"What for?" asked the other boy, in astonishment.

"'Cause I won't wear a girl's dress," answered the little fellow. "I dunno! I ever shall get up again. I don't want to—if I can't have some trunks," and the voice ended in a sob.

The mother, who had been an intentional listener to this conversation, was melted by Freddy's mingled grief and resignation, and before noon the next day he was made happy by his first real pair of trousers.

Perhaps it was the better way to yield a point which meant so much to the little fellow's pride rather than to humiliate him into compliance. Not that it is child's every idle whim should be gratified, but if an older person finds that some harmless wish is dear to the little one's heart, let him try to see it from the child's point of view before uttering a cold or contemptuous refusal.

#### NOT HOMESICK.

There are some feelings, innocent enough in themselves, which nevertheless a man does not like to express in so many words. If he must acknowledge them, he prefers to do it indirectly, not taking a straight course, but, as the old saying is, going "round Robin Hood's barn."

The captain of Company G, Twelfth Vermont Regiment, was strolling in the woods just out of camp, says a writer in the *Salem Witch*, when he came upon a member of his company sitting on the stump of a tree, and looking so though he had fought his last fight.

"What's the matter, Bill?" said the captain.

"Oh, nothing," was the reply. "I am all right."

"You look as though you had a fit of homesickness."

"No, sir," said Bill, with some resentment, "nothing of the sort."

"Well, what are you thinking about?" asked his questioner.

"I was thinking," said the Vermont, "that I wished I was in my father's barn."

"In your father's barn? What on earth would you do if you were in your father's barn?"

The poor fellow uttered a long-drawn sigh and said, "I'd go into the house mighty quick."

#### DOUBLING THE DOSE.

An exchange prints a story said to have been related by the Hon. J. M. Langston, who was formerly Minister to Hayti, and who witnessed the incident in the streets of Port-au-Prince.

An old negro who was vainly endeavoring to drug a bulky mule by his halter, suddenly stepped up to a doctor who stood outside his office, and offered him a silver pinure if he could put a little life into his country beast.

The doctor went into his office, and returned with his medicine case. He selected a small syringe, filled it with morphia, and jabbed the needle into the animal's side.

The astonished creature reared upon his hind legs, and then, with a tremendous bawl, started down the road at a breakneck speed.

The old darkey looked first at the doctor, and then at the disappearing mule.

"Say, he—," he suddenly exclaimed, "how much was dat stall wuf you jist put in dat mule?"

"Oh, about ten cents," laughingly answered the doctor.

"Well, boss, yo' kin jist fire twenty cents' wuf right into me. I feel am leasb. I've got to kerf dat ar mule."

#### WHY HE HELD ON.

Workmen were hoisting stone next door to Frank's house, where a new building was going up, the motive power being a donkey engine. The signal for hoisting was given by the sound of a whistle, and the man to whom fell the duty of blowing this stood out of sight of the engineer.

One day Frankie and a small friend were standing as close to the rope as they were allowed to come when the whistle was blown away for a moment. The man who made the stone fast went for a drink, and the two boys crept up to the tangle.

Fortunately the other boy spied the whistle lying on a timber, and just as Frankie had seized the rope, his friend gave a shrill blast.

The engine inside its shed began to puff, and with a squeal, the work Frank into the air. The workmen came running, shouting to the engineer to reverse the machine and to the boy not to let go. The lad was up to the second story before he could be stopped, but here a carpenter managed to seize him, and draw him unharmed into a window.

"You did well to hold on, little fellow," he said, as he got the boy into safety.

"Oh, I had to," Frankie answered; "mother told me not to fall into the mud with my new clothes."

#### HOW IT WOULD BE.

Whatever foolishness may be "beamed up in the heart of a child," there is no denying that the little folks are often shrewd observers of human nature.

"And now, children," remarked Professor Hales in one of the public schools the other day, "if I am truly consisting of father and mother and seven children should have a pile for dinner, how much would each one receive?"

"An eighth," answered a bright boy.

"But there are nine persons, you say?"

"Oh, I know that; but the mother wouldn't get there. There wouldn't be enough to go around,"—*Albany Journal.*

#### TOO PROMPT.

Pay as you go is an excellent rule, but in certain peculiar cases it must not be acted upon too strictly.

An old-time Maine physician, according to the *Western Journal*, was once ferried across a swollen river by a man who for some reason declined to receive any compensation for the service.

"Oh, let it go, doctor," he said, as the physician urged the money upon him, "let it go. I shall want you to do as much for me some time. Like as not I shall want a tooth pulled."

"So right down and have it out," said the precise old doctor. "I don't want any such licks outstanding."

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